

wanna dance in socks around you

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by [GenOfEve](#)

Summary

George never should have made this bet.

But, as he has to deal with the consequences Dream has forced upon him, he can't help but come to some realisations.

Like the fact that he looks damn good in a skirt, for one.

Notes

ngl this is a COMPLETELY self indulgent 2 part fic just because i think George would be insanely hot in a skirt

i just.... i really like boys in skirts leave me alone ok :((

big thank you 2 literallynotfound, electric-177 and galaxy bean over on tumblr for encouraging me to write this absolute filth shdjdkfj i love u people

please just take this from me already i can't take it anymore

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

soft

George is officially having the worst luck of his life.

Maybe it had been stupid to joke that speed-running “*wasn’t that hard*” when Dream was down on his luck.

Maybe it had been even *more* stupid to agree to prove it “*wasn’t that hard*” when Dream asked him to do it himself.

Especially seeing how his luck is going now.

Dream is wheezing in his ears, echoing laughter through the headset, as George accidentally dies once more, forced to restart yet again.

“Dude, you’re going so *badly*,” He howls out his words, his laughter deafening, “And the chat is *agreeing* with me!”

George doesn’t respond, just pulls a face as he tries again, satisfied with his world spawn, mouth twisted in a sneer.

“I’m serious, I will literally *bet* you can’t even last ten minutes this round.”

George rolls his eyes. *Ten minutes? Seriously?*

“I absolutely *can* last ten minutes.”

“Oh, yeah? So you wanna take the bet?”

“Terms?” He asks, keeping his sentences short, so he can focus.

“Keep it simple, the loser has to do whatever the other wants.”

George laughs, rolls his eyes.

He can nail ten minutes *easily*.

“That’s *too* easy,” he scoffs, “You’re *done*.”

George dies in the ninth minute.

Thirty seconds away from his ten minute goal, a ghaſt fireballs him.

It hits the mark, and he is launched into a lava pit below and he *shrieks*.

“*No!*”

Dream, meanwhile, *howls*.

His laughter is deafening, and George ſinks down into his chair, embarrassed and aſhamed.

“I *told* you!”

“Are you *kidding me?* I was ſo *close!*” George whines.

““So close” is *not* good enough!” Dream is ecstatic, and George can already feel the regret creeping in, becauſe *clearly* Dream already has ſomething in mind, ſomething deſigned to embarrass him and leave him flustered.

“I gotta text it to you,” Dream admits through his laughter, “Hold on.”

“*Text it* to me?” George queries, “Now I’m ſcared.”

“Oh,” Dream chuckles, “You ſhould be.”

His phone buzzes in his hands as he waits patiently, Dream’s name illuminating his phone with a notification.

His face identification fails, and he rolls his eyes, types in his paſſcode to view the message Dream has ſent to him.

There’s no words, juſt a link to a website, ſome online clothes ſtore.

“What have you ſent me?” He aſks with a nervous chuckle as he hits the link, and then it loads.

It’s a *ſkirt*.

He feels his eyebrows knit together in confusion, before it clicks and they ſhoot up in ſhock.

“What?!”

Dream continues to laugh as another text comes through.

“Wear it on stream.”

George doesn't think his eyebrows can get any higher.

“Dream, I am *not* doing that,” he shakes his head as he stares into the camera, jaw dropped in shock, humiliation, “You can't be *serious!*”

The chat is going *insane*, clamouring to know what form of punishment Dream's decided on that's so bad, begging to know just what has George oh-so *red*.

“Nobody needs to know. I just need you to prove you're wearing it before the stream so I can get some, like, grade A blackmail material. Just keep your cam from the shoulders up, like you always do.”

“Blackmail material, are you joking?” George texts back, pulling his hand to his mouth, nervously chewing on the skin around his nails.

“What?” Dream chuckles, his tone daring, teasing, “You scared?”

Something about Dream's tone *pushes* him.

“Please. I am *not* scared,” he scoffs, “I'll organise it tonight.”

“We'll see, I guess.”

He'll *prove* just how *not scared* he is.

He clicks the link to the store once more, well after the stream has ended, and he's tucked warmly into his bed, blankets curled softly around his figure, his face illuminated by the dim glow of his phone.

The skirt is simple, high-waisted, pleated and short, black with two bars of white stretched around the bottom, and, after some googling, he chooses a size and adds it to the cart.

Easy.

Skirts are easy. He's not scared at all.

His eyes drift to another option on the website.

*He'll prove just how **not scared** he is.*

He taps the option for *hosiery*.

Even with express shipping, it takes a week for the package to arrive. But when George finally has it in his hands, the nerves return in full force.

What is he doing?

He carefully tears open the plastic that holds the garments, and sits the contents on the sheets of his unmade bed.

On top of the skirt, thinner scraps of lace rest.

A pair of lacy, thigh-high stockings, bright in contrast to the darkness of the skirt, and *something else*, too.

In the same material, is a pair of underwear.

The website's description had informed him that the colour was a vibrant, crimson red, and now, in person, he nervously lifts them up to examine them.

While he can't distinguish the colour, he's able to see that they are definitely *bright*.

In the shape of small shorts, the legs have a delicate, scalloped edge. A sort of floral pattern is woven into the sheer, thin lace, encompassing the entirety of the garment.

They were an unintentional purchase, coming with the stockings as a matched pair, but...

For a "one-size fits all", they look like they'd actually fit really well.

George lets them fall from his hands, shakes the thought *vigorously* out of his head.

He hesitates.

He knows what he has to do. There's no point in delaying it.

He drops his sweatpants to his ankles, steps out of the puddle of fabric, and steps into the skirt, tugging it up to sit the elastic neatly around his middle.

He chances a look in the mirror.

Oh.

Wait.

*He looks... **good?***

The way the skirt is fitted around his waist emphasises his slender form, and the way it flares flatters him further, the short hemline showing off his legs.

Better than good.

He gives a little twist to his hips, watching in the mirror as the skirt flicks up dangerously, exposing more skin for a glimmer of a moment.

*He looks **hot.***

George twirls once more, a small smile playing at the edges of his lips as he admires the way the skirt lifts with the movement.

The skirt looks *amazing*.

He glances at where the thigh-highs lay on the bed.

What if...?

He nervously sits on the edge of his bed, and carefully rolls the stockings on, one after the other.

The elastic at the top is backed by silicone, the thigh-highs designed to stay up without a garter, and they come to rest in the middle of his thighs.

Similar to the underwear, the tops of the stockings have a light, scalloped edge, and a floral embroidered trim. Below the trim they are a sheer, thin fabric.

When he stands to look in the mirror, the skirt just barely covers the top of them, and George carefully rolls the waistband of his skirt, making the already-short skirt *sinfully* shorter. The hemline now barely grazes the edge of the lace trim, and as George examines himself in the mirror once more, he realises that he looks *pretty*.

Really pretty.

But, he thinks as he eyes the soft hairs that trace his legs, visible on the glimpses of bare skin, and faintly so through the transparent material of the stockings, *he could feel prettier*.

The following day, the skirt and the undergarments have been carefully washed and dried, and after four YouTube tutorials, a significant amount of moisturiser, and a surprisingly minimal amount of cuts, George's legs are smooth and hairless.

He runs a hand down his calf, marvelling at the softness of his own skin, and at the job well done.

The skirt is slid over grey boxer briefs, and he does a little spin, admiring the way it flares up to expose the softer parts of his thighs.

He can't help but smile gently.

He feels *very* pretty.

He slides the stockings on as well, loving the way the lace feels on his smooth skin, the way the embroidery in the trim curls and waves, the patterns clinging to his thighs so very nicely.

There's about half an hour until the stream starts.

And he needs to call Dream.

He shoots a message on Discord, asking Dream if he can call a little earlier before the stream, bites the nail of his thumb nervously.

Dream, who has *no idea* this is happening right now.

This is *nerve-wracking*.

He bundles his hands into the soft, grey sleeves of his sweatshirt, trying to avoid anxiously picking at the nice lace of his thigh-highs.

The lacy scrap of the tiny shorts stares at him from his folded laundry.

He hesitates.

Glances at Dream's icon.

He guesses it wouldn't hurt to just... try them on, right?

He removes his own underwear from underneath the skirt, the plain, safe, grey fabric falling down stocking-clad legs to the floor, and he tries not to think about how exposed he feels, standing in a skirt and stockings, with nothing on underneath.

Cautiously, he pulls the matching underwear up under his skirt.

They fit *perfectly*.

The lace feels *so good* against his skin, so light and delicate against the more sensitive parts of him, and George swallows at the sensation when he moves.

He carefully lifts the hem of his skirt, and peers at the mirror across the room.

The scalloped fringe on the legs of the underwear peeks out from where the skirt is lifted, matching in vivid brightness to the shade of his stockings.

It's fucking hot.

He's fucking hot.

George doesn't think he's ever felt this pretty in his *life*, and, god, he wants— he wants—

He wants somebody to tell him just how pretty he is.

Discord rings out from his computer speakers, startling him, and he drops the skirt with a huff, cheeks flushed and hot.

He'd forgotten that he'd asked Dream to call.

He hesitates, glancing at his discarded, grey underwear on the floor momentarily, before he sits down and answers the call.

From where he's seated, the video link doesn't disclose anything, looks completely ordinary from his shoulders up.

Dream's voice greets him, distant as he's distracted by something.

"Hey, what'd you need?"

George bites his lip nervously and sighs, dramatic and uncertain all in one.

What is Dream going to say?

Slowly, he stands up out of the chair, and manoeuvres his way backwards, displaying the skirt in full view of the camera.

His sweater is tucked loosely into the waistband that cinches around his middle, and as George stares at his video, he's made aware that the white stripes around the flared bottom draw attention to his thighs. What keeps the attention though, is the smallest appearance of the bright, sheer lace.

"What do you think?" He asks, cautious, quiet, anxious, "Is this humiliating enough for you?"

George can hear the moment Dream looks up from whatever he's distracted by, hears the *clunk* of something hitting the desk as it's knocked over, or dropped.

There's a sharp inhale of air, a quiet, short gasp.

And then silence.

George fidgets with the sleeves of his sweater awkwardly, before the silence begins to sting.

He feels a lot less pretty, now.

His hands drop to his sides, and he laughs awkwardly, trying to stabilise his emotions.

“Is it really that bad?” He chuckles, but it sounds flat even to his own ears, his laughter nervous and weak.

His eyes are beginning to sting.

Why is he so upset about this?

But then Dream starts talking.

“No, no! You look— You look—“ he fumbles with his words, speaking far too rapidly, and his words die into a small, breathless sounding gasp.

It’s not a word, or even a syllable, and yet George *thrives* off of it, thrives off the way that *he managed to make Dream speechless*.

He straightens up as Dream continues his rambling.

“I just— I wasn’t expecting it, I honestly forgot and—“

Dream pauses.

“...you look *good*.”

It’s a lame compliment, but the tone of Dream’s voice is soft and fond, and George is in awe of the way *he* has managed to make Dream struggle for words.

He made him like that? He made him speechless?

George can’t help the smile forming on his face, and he bites his lip to tame it, to keep it from

developing into a full-sized grin.

“Thank you,” he does a little twirl for the camera, knowing that the skirt flicks up just enough to show the brocaded lace trim of his stockings, and the slightest glimpse of the skin of his thighs.

He hears Dream *choke*, spluttering on air as he tries to disguise it as a nonchalant cough, and he *loves* that he has the ability to *do this*.

“Well,” he sighs, letting his hands fall to his sides once more, “Hurry up and take your stupid blackmail screenshots, so we can start the stream.”

“Take my— Oh, right,” he hears Dream adjust his position in his chair, “Yeah, I mean, are you, uh, okay with that?”

George glances at the camera.

Dream still sounds flustered, and George is positive he knows why.

George looks good. George looks pretty.

He’s never felt more powerful in his life, and right now, he wants to try something.

He glances down at the floor, twists the fabric of the skirt in his hands, and tries his best to look annoyed, to look disappointed.

“If you don’t want them, don’t.”

“What? No— No, it’s fine, I—“ Dream clears his throat, scrambling once more, and George *loves* how flustered he sounds.

He rests his hands on his middle, accentuating the slenderness of his waistline, and the way the skirt flares out so nicely.

“Come on then,” he grins at the camera, “I’ve got a stream to do, apparently.”

“Uh,” Dream hesitates, “Actually, I might— I might do it after, you know? So, you can set it up now.”

It's a nice save, really.

But, George isn't dumb. And he knows his friend just wants a chance to see it again.

And yet, he plays stupid, and shrugs his shoulders with a smile, hooks up his headset, and agrees to his friends demands.

With the camera posed from the shoulders up, George knows he doesn't really have anything to worry about, but he still needs to be careful, having to force himself to remember that he can't tuck his knees up like he normally does, lest somebody was to see the vibrant lace.

But, it's going well for the most part, and the odd sensation of secretly wearing a skirt and lace on stream feels *exhilarating*.

Especially when he thinks about how he's wearing it for Dream.

It's a thrill having this little secret, having it be just out of view of the audience, and just out of the view of Dream, who, every now and again, goes quiet, lost in some thought, requiring prompting to respond to sentences.

Like he's distracted.

It's nearing the end of the stream, when it happens.

George is chatting lazily to the audience, Dream occasionally chiming in, minecraft paused in the background, when a donation comes in.

A donation which is so clearly Dream under a false account, because it reads—

"Hey George, what are your thoughts on guys in skirts/dresses?"

He resists the violent urge to scowl, and instead hums, giving a casual shrug.

"Wear what you like, I say. Who cares what anyone else thinks," he turns it around, "Dream, what do you think?"

“Huh?” He attempts to feign ignorance, but George can hear the smile in his voice.

“What do you think about guys in skirts?”

George can’t help the smirk that ticks at the corners of his mouth as he asks, and he subconsciously picks at the fabric of his own skirt under the desk.

There’s a beat.

“Sure,” George can still hear Dream smiling, “Some people can *really* pull them off.”

George’s heart *skips*.

He can feel the heat blooming across his cheeks at the implied compliment, and he leans back slightly in his chair, cautiously asks—

“You think I could pull it off?”

The chat is going *crazy*, everyone practically losing their minds, when Dream responds—

“I don’t see why not. You’ve got the legs for it.”

“*Dream!*” George rapidly loses his composure, leaning forward once more and hurriedly clicking his mouse, “Okay, I think *that* is a good place to end this.”

He laughs nervously, and Dream wheezes at his embarrassment.

They say their goodbyes to the chat, and George ends the stream with a *huff*.

“I cannot *believe* you *did that!*”

“I have no *idea* what you’re talking about.”

It’d almost be believable, if George couldn’t hear the grin in his voice.

“Oh, please. “*You’ve got the legs for it*”, who even *says* that!”

Dream is still chuckling, but his voice is soft and fond when he says—

“Well, you do, you know.”

“... Really?”

The compliment sinks into his bones, weighted and heavy, and oh-so warm as he smooths a hand over one lace-clad knee.

“Absolutely,” Dream begins to fumble with his words once more, “You should, uh— You should stand up, though. I need to...”

He trails off. George continues his dumb act.

“Ah, right, the *blackmail*,” he sighs dramatically.

And then he sits there.

He remains sitting in his chair, grinning lazily at the camera.

“George,” Dream murmurs, exasperated.

“What?”

“You know *what*.”

Dream’s voice is lower, and it almost sounds like a *warning*.

Why is defying Dream so much fun?

“I think I might just stay sitting, if that’s okay with—“

“*George*,” Dream’s voice sinks further, growing husky at the edges, and there’s no doubting the *demand* that lines them, “*Stand up*.”

Something in the way Dream speaks, in the way he *orders him*, it makes George *shudder*.

He finds himself numbly unplugging his headphones, placing them carefully on the desk, and standing up to take a few steps back.

He’s suddenly hyper aware of just how hot his face feels, and he just *knows* his flush must be visible to Dream.

He fidgets with the pleated fabric of the skirt, nervous.

“You actually do look good, you know,” Dream murmurs, “*Surprisingly* good.”

The compliments burn his skin, the praise running hot alongside the tinge of humiliation and embarrassment. George attempts to regain what little control he has.

“You think so?” He asks as casually as possible, rolling the waistband of the skirt to shorten it, exposing the tops of his stockings and the tiniest amount of skin, relishing in the way he hears Dream’s breathing stutter.

“*Very* pretty.”

Pretty?

The word is soft and delicate in Dream’s mouth, spoken in a hushed whisper, spoken only for George, and George *preens* under the attention, as Dream continues.

“I like the socks. That’s a really good colour on you, actually.”

“Is it?”

“Mhm,” Dream hums his agreement, “Although, I don’t remember them being part of the bet.”

He almost sounds smug, and George fumbles, losing his grip on the control that he has.

“Well, I didn’t wanna half-ass it,” he shrugs, trying to keep his tone casual, “Figured I might as well get a whole outfit, you know? Make it worth your while,” he rambles, fingering the hem of his skirt, “Besides, the stockings match.”

There’s a pause.

“Match *what?*”

George instantly realises his error, and the skirt pinched between his fingertips falls. His lips part as his jaw drops slightly.

“Nothing.”

“George,” Dream sighs, and *oh no, that warning tone is back.*

“It— It’s really nothing, I— I slipped up, and—“

“*George,*” the stern tone in Dream’s voice makes George *freeze*, a shiver crawling up his spine, electricity sparking in his bones, “*Tell me.*”

George doesn’t think he’ll be able to resist.

“It’s embarrassing,” he whispers, shy.

And it is.

The stockings he could have explained away, a part of wanting to be dramatic, to be over the top, but *this?*

There is no explanation for this.

Dream’s voice is soft and reassuring, and George *melts* when he says—

“I wouldn’t tease you, *baby.*”

The name sounds accidental, like it just slips out, falling from Dream’s mouth with the barest hint of resistance, like he’d tried, and failed to stop himself from saying it.

But, he doesn’t correct himself either, just lets the name hang dangerously in the air and George *loves it.*

So, cautiously, he twists so his side is facing the camera, and with shaking hands he lifts the fabric of the little black skirt.

Just enough, so that Dream can make out the scalloped edges that circle the very top of George’s thighs, and can see the way the vibrant colour contrasts with his fair skin, matching the stockings he wears.

He thinks Dream’s intake of breath will ring in his ears forever.

He drops his skirt, flushed with embarrassment, and resumes fidgeting with his sleeves, turning back to face the camera, but staring at the floor.

“Can you do that again?” Dream asks, the hint of a smile in his words, “I think I missed it.”

“*Dream!*”

“What? You can’t blame me for trying, *look at you.*”

“What about me?” George queries, face aflame.

“You look beautiful.”

The sincerity in Dream’s voice is *painful*.

“Shut up.”

“I’m serious.”

George rolls his eyes, flustered and shy once more, and he sits back down in the chair again, ignoring Dream’s complaints.

“Ah, shut up,” he mumbles, “You got your blackmail, didn’t you?”

George tries to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

Although, it’s funny....

He swears he hears it in Dream’s, when he sighs and says—

“Yeah.”

Chapter Notes

this is All Porn

i'm

so sorry skfkfkf

ps: thank u steph again for sending me a literal 1400 word rant on how much you liked this skdkdkd i would not have been brave enough to post this without u

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's not brought up again afterwards.

He and Dream go on as usual, and the clothing is hidden in the deeper parts of his closet, tucked away from immediate sight.

Every now and again, there's a moment where it feels like it *is* going to be brought up, *mentions of the bet, or a donation referencing it, chat asking what it was that Dream had dared him to do.*

"Ask Dream," George tells them, and he grins lazily into the camera, ignoring the way he feels heat pool in his cheeks, and lower in his belly each time, "Dream, what did you dare me to do?"

And each time, Dream remains silent. Laughs, or murmurs something under his breath, too low for George to pick up on.

No, it's not brought up again afterwards.

And George *hates it.*

He hates the way that he got a glimpse of just how pretty he could feel.

He hates the way that he had such an effect on Dream, left him speechless and stumbling over his words.

He hates the way that Dream's words, his compliments, continue to float inside his head, days later.

George hates the way that he got *all of this*, and now, it sits folded in the back of his closet, never to be brought up again.

It's been two weeks since it happened, and George can't stop *thinking*.

There's a group stream planned today, just the usual set of games, and George can't stop *thinking*.

They're not even half an hour out from starting the stream, and George can't stop *thinking*.

The black skirt and the thinner undergarments linger in his mind, and George chews at his bottom lip with vigour.

Nobody would have to know.

The thrill of wearing the skirt on stream last time, just out of view of the camera, had been so amazing, knowing that if he had made one wrong move, he could have been caught, been humiliated.

This time, it's not even him running the stream. He doesn't even have to have his webcam on.

*Nobody would have to know **at all**.*

And besides.

He misses just how pretty it made him feel.

"Very pretty."

Dream's words ring in his ears and he flushes.

He wants to have that again.

He wants to rile up Dream, have him flustered one second, and soft and flattering the next.

And also, *demanding and rough*.

The way his voice had fallen low, the way his words had been commanding and stern, the way he

had said George's name like a warning.

The way George had wanted to do what Dream told him to, wanted to please him and be praised.

The way he also wanted to misbehave.

Just to see exactly how rough he could get Dream to be with his demands.

It doesn't take much more convincing.

With shaking hands, the skirt slides on, tugged up over slender legs, and tucked underneath his red hoodie, resting lovingly around his waist.

When George looks in the mirror, he can't help but smile, the corners of his lips ticking up *instantly* at the sight of his reflection.

His legs are smooth once more. He'd continued to shave them, even after the results of the bet, adoring the way his skin had felt, the sensation of cotton sheets sliding across him, the feeling of his own palms sliding over his thighs, as he imagined they belonged to *someone else*.

He turns in the mirror, admiring the view.

*But... he **could** feel **prettier**, couldn't he?*

His hand fists in the fabric of his hoodie, as he glances over to his closet once more.

They'd be the same shade as the hoodie, wouldn't they?

"That's a really good colour on you, actually."

...

"You look beautiful."

The echo of Dream's words in his head is really all the encouragement he needs.

He gathers the thin material from the closet, and sits on the edge of his bed to roll the vibrant stockings up over his legs.

He doesn't hesitate to remove his current underwear, and replace them with the floral lace shorts, once more, toes curling slightly as the fabric *drags* in all the right places.

He twists in front of the mirror, examining his outfit a moment, before reaching underneath his hoodie to roll the waistband of his skirt, revealing a hint of the soft skin of his thighs, his fair skin paired perfectly with the dark skirt.

He lifts the skirt a little, examining the lace detailing of his underwear, smirking at his reflection in the mirror, *adoring* the way the patterns cling to his skin, *loving* the way he looks in this outfit.

The only thing that's missing is somebody else to admire it, as well.

The thought is somewhat disheartening, and he can't help but drop the skirt back down to the middle of his thighs with a sigh, concealing his delicate underwear once more.

"Can you do that again?"

Lately, he wonders what would have happened if he did.

If he had lifted the skirt once more, obeyed Dream's feigned innocence, let him ogle at the way the lace fits him so perfectly, curved around him, almost adoringly so.

He wonders just how much Dream would have wanted to see, if he'd still be satisfied with seeing just the side of his hip, or if he'd want *more* the second time.

He wonders what Dream would say if he had bent over.

But, he hadn't. And there's no point in thinking about it now.

So he collapses in his chair, and waits for the stream to start.

And if he thinks about Dream the entire time he waits, while his hands pick nervously at the hem of skirt, subconsciously smoothing over the tops of his stockings, tracing the skin of his legs, that's nobody's business.

The stream is going well, he thinks. The laughter is constant, and he keeps a grin on his face with

ease, happy and content.

It's as he's running a hand over the fabric of his skirt, tracing the white bars at the bottom of it, when somebody asks —

“So did George pull through on the bet or what? Everyone in chat keeps asking me about it.”

His hands freeze as Dream clears his throat, awkward.

“Uh,” there's a hesitation in his voice, and George holds his breath, curious for the answer, “Yeah, he did.”

“So, what was the bet?”

George knows where this goes. Dream always does the same thing, just laughs and—

“I, uh— I just asked him to do something stupid, that's all.”

What?

That's the most that Dream's said about the situation since it happened.

Everyone is complaining about his vagueness, pushing, curious, turning their questions on to George.

George, who suddenly sees an opportunity.

George, who takes it.

“It wasn't even that bad, really,” he scoffs, a playful smirk creeping onto his face, “I'd probably do it again, if he asked me.”

“... Really?”

Dream's voice comes through curious, but it's lower, the hint of *something* forming his words. George's smirk widens into a grin, and he leans back in his chair, shuffling so his skirt doesn't bunch underneath him.

“Sure,” he eyes his phone carefully, a plan slowly unravelling in his mind, “All you need to do is *ask*.”

Over the sound of everyone's questions, George hears Dream swallow, can almost hear him *thinking* as he clears his throat once more.

"Okay."

Yes.

"Okay?" George queries, already reaching forward to retrieve his phone from the desk.

"Yeah," Dream murmurs, voice husky and soft, the two of them ignoring the others for each other, "Sure."

Perfect.

"Great," George responds, opening his apps, selecting Snapchat, "Good to know."

Dream chuckles, almost nervously, like he *knows* that George is planning something, and George zeros in on the noise, able to pick his voice out of a crowd with *ease*.

He keeps the sound of it in his mind when he angles the camera, and takes a photo of the tops of his thighs, the familiar, double white lines of the skirt visible against his creamy skin, and just the slightest appearance of the wavy tops of his stockings.

"Hey, Dream," he asks, chewing his lip to keep his smile somewhat tamed, "Do you have your phone on you?"

"Uh, yeah, why—"

"Oh, I just need to send you something," he selects Dream's name in the menu, hits the option to send the photo, "Don't worry."

He watches the icon change, first indicating *delivered*, and then *opened*, and he feels his bottom lip slip free of his teeth, unable to hold back his grin when he hears Dream's breathing shake, and he snaps—

"George!"

His voice is a shout, but it's stunned, *amazed*, *awed*.

The others in the stream immediately clamour over the top of each other, asking what Dream is seeing, the chat going wild and begging for similar answers.

George laughs, as the icon changes to indicate that his photo has been replayed.

He laughs again, when people question him regarding the contents of the message. Plays dumb, play stupid, plays *innocent*.

George can feel a light flush forming on his cheeks, just the slightest hint of shyness, followed by a heat that comes from somewhere else, a warm sensation of want, *desire*.

He wants to know just how far he can push Dream.

Time ticks by. Minutes pass.

He takes another snap. The skirt is lifted slightly higher, showing more of his smooth skin.

He sends it.

“George.”

His name exits Dream’s mouth softly, like a warning and a prayer, rolled into one, and he can’t help himself.

The next snap is *dangerous*.

It’s a recording.

He fingers the hem of his skirt a moment, before he pinches it carefully between his fingers, and tugging it upwards, revealing an expanse of creamy skin, tugging it *higher* until—

The video cuts off.

Cuts off, just before you could see his pretty underthings, just before you can make out the vivid colour of the lacy underwear that conceals him.

He sends it.

Dream doesn't say anything this time.

But he inhales, low and deep, like he's restraining himself, holding back from doing something, or saying something.

George can hear his breathing shake when he exhales.

His phone buzzes with a text.

Dream.

"You need to behave," it reads, "or you'll regret it."

George *twitches* at that. He can't help but release his own, breathy little gasp, reigns it in before it becomes a whimper. And then—

He locks his phone.

He's not giving Dream anymore than this. He can chew on it for a while, think about what George might have on just a little longer.

George is flustered at the tone, at the demands and word choice. But he maintains his control.

They're saying their goodbyes for the stream, when George straightens up in his chair, and the next section of his plan comes into motion.

"Oh, Dream," he pipes up, trying to keep his voice casual, almost bored as he asks, "Do you think you could hop on Discord quickly? I need to show you something."

Despite his new-found confidence, George still picks at his lips nervously, fingertips catching at raw skin, left worried by his teeth.

He really didn't need to be concerned though.

It's practically *laughable* how quickly Dream's icon switches to display that he is now online.

The stream closes down, and George stares at Discord a moment, unplugging his headphones, drumming his fingers on the desk.

He's not delaying it because of nerves, this time, no.

This time, he's just forcing Dream to *wait*.

And he knows just how much Dream hates to wait.

Dream is the first to cave, the notification for an incoming call echoing in George's bedroom, loud and obnoxious, and George *smirks*.

He answers, after letting it ring a moment, just to stretch Dream a *little* further, and he switches on his video.

"Hi," he greets, smiling gently at the camera.

He's only visible from the chest up, and, despite the smile in his voice, he can pick out shades of irritation, if strain, when Dream says—

"Hi," George hears him fidget in his chair, take a sip of water, "What did you need me for, hm?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," he murmurs, tugs his bottom lip between his teeth, playing the line of innocent and naive, "What you thought of my outfit?"

"I think," Dream murmurs, voice both fond and strained at the same time, "That you look *wonderful*."

"Oh, yeah?" George leans forward, rests a hand against his chin.

"Definitely. But, uh—" George can feel his grin *widen* when he hears Dream fumble, stumbling over his words once more, "I was wondering, you know, just how much of it you— If you were wearing *everything*, again."

George *loves* this. He taps a finger against his lips, pretending to think.

"Hm? *Everything*?"

"You know *exactly* what I mean, George."

Dream's voice has lowered now.

George *does* know.

“I *don’t* know,” he giggles, “You might have to specify.”

“Show me what you’re wearing, George,” Dream’s voice is growing husky around the edges as he speaks, low and hushed, just for George to hear, and his words are tinted with desire, demand, “Now, *please*.”

George flusters at the way Dream commands him, feels the heat on his face intensify, but he maintains his confidence as he stands, showing Dream only the simple outfit, and nothing else.

He sighs over the speakers, and George *shudders* at the frustration he can hear.

“All of it, George.”

George rangles with his rapidly slipping grasp on the control of the situation, and, in an attempt to fluster Dream once more, he smirks at the camera despite his fierce blush, slowly bunching the fabric of his skirt in his hands as he turns, gradually lifting the skirt.

Eventually, the skirt is pulled up, held bunched around his hips, his back facing the camera, and his lace-covered ass extremely visible.

Dream’s breathing is shaky, and George hears him curse softly as he takes in what he can see.

“What— What made you wear these again? I thought you were embarrassed?”

“Mm, but *you said* you liked the colour,” George says with a light sway of his hips, hearing Dream *choke*, “It looks good on me, right?”

“It looks *very* good on you.”

“You think so?” He wiggles his hips just a little more, “Are you sure?”

“Baby,” Dream groans, faltering, slipping, coming undone at the seams, “Baby, *please*.”

“Hm?” He bends over just a little, relishing in the way Dream inhales deeply, breathes out a shaking sigh, his words almost a *growl* when says, *demands*—

“George, *stop it*—“

“Stop *what*?” George bends over further, flicks the skirt so it stays up above his hips as he does so, and wiggles once more.

“You think you can just do whatever you want?” Dream’s voice is husky as he murmurs, voice gravelled and rough, “You think you can just keep teasing me and *not* get punished? You think you’re *in charge*?”

“Oh,” George smirks, turning back around, letting his skirt fall once more, tugging his chair further into the frame, so he can sit with his legs spread just the slightest, just enough for Dream to see a hint of lace underwear, “I *know* that I’m in charge.”

“Do you wanna know what I’m thinking right now, George?”

George rolls his eyes, dramatic, *bitchy*, despite the way Dream’s voice is leaving him hard and aching, strained against the lace of his panties.

“What are you thinking, Dream?”

He’s not prepared.

“I think that you look like a *slut*,” George *freezes* as the inclination in Dream’s words, at the way he can hear him grinning through it all, “And I think you *love it*. I think that you dressed yourself up, all for *me*, and you *know* just how *good* you look.”

“It *was not* for you—“ George tries to scoff, tries to *lie*, but it sounds *weak*, and Dream cuts him off with *ease*—

“Oh? So it was for somebody *else* then?”

George *hates* what the possessive tone of Dream’s voice does to him, the hint of jealousy as he even *considers* George dressing up for somebody else, hates that it makes him *melt*, makes him shake his head frantically, take back his *weak*, little lie, *desperate* to please Dream once more, to receive the praise he had been given prior.

“So who was it for, Georgie?”

He swallows, lets his eyes flutter shut, lips parting lightly as he whimpers—

“You. It’s all for *you*. ”

“Good boy. I knew it, just *look* at you,” Dream’s voice rumbles in his ears, sends his heart aflutter, runs goosebumps up and down his skin, “You’re such a *slut* for me, George. God, I could *ruin you* —“

George *gasps*—

“I bet I could *pin* those *skinny* wrists of yours with just *one* hand. I wanna do that to you. I want to hold you *down*, hold your hands above your head while I mark up your pretty skin, so *everyone* knows who you *belong* to—“

George squirms in his chair, gripping at the fabric of his skirt *violently* as his cock pulses, restrained by the lace fabric of his underwear.

He wants to be *painted* in Dream’s marks.

“I could leave the *nicest* bruises on that fair skin of yours, you know? And I bet you’d fucking *love* it—“

George *whines*, grips the fabric of his skirt *harder*, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of his thighs.

“What if I *bent* you over, hm? You seemed to like that earlier, bending over for me. What if I did that— What if I *bent* you over, and I *punished* you, for being such a little *fucking tease*, huh? Spank you until that cute ass pinks up and *bruises* for me?”

“Dream—“ he gasps, “*Dream*, tell me what to do, *please*.”

“Oh, you *want* me to boss you around, now?” The smirk is evident in Dream’s voice, smug and rugged, “I thought you were in charge, George? What happened, baby?”

George wants to fucking *cry* as he *writhes*, desperate to touch himself, but *relishing* in the way the lace feels as he strains against it, shaking his head and whining.

“So *who*’s in charge, baby?”

“You,” he breathes, “You’re in charge. Please, please— Dream, I’ll do *anything*.”

“Anything?”

George nods, feverishly.

“Lift your skirt for me, Georgie,” Dream sounds just as wrecked as George does, “Show me what you look like, yeah?”

George obeys. His shaking hands gather the fabric, pulling it up over his hips, revealing just how hard he is, solely from Dream’s voice, from the promises of what he can, and would, do.

“So *pretty* for me, baby,” Dream’s voice croons, and George hears him *gasp* as he does *something*,

“Touch yourself for me, please? Through those panties of yours.”

It’s not quite what George wants, but he still cries out as he palms himself, the lace clinging to his dick so lovingly, rubbing against him in all the right ways.

The front of his underwear — his panties — is damp, wet with the precum that weeps steadily from his tip, and it feels *so fucking good*—

“You know how pretty you look right now, baby? All dressed up for me?”

“I— I wanted to look good for you,” he stammers through his broken moans, “I knew you— you liked it, and I— I— I needed to show you again, and—“

“How could I not like it?” Dream’s breath is coming in short pants, and George can hear the telltale sound of skin against skin, eyes rolling back as he thinks of Dream getting off to him, “You look so fucking good. I should have made you show *everyone* what you were wearing, shown them *all* who you belong to, show them all how *lucky* I am—“

He cuts himself off with a groan, before he continues to whisper, more hushed filth falling from his lips with ease, and George feels so fucking *good*, between the feeling of the lace against his cocks, and the way he can hear Dream breathless, gasping and moaning as he gets himself off, as he watches George, losing control to the sight of him touching himself in the chair, palming himself through the bright, lace panties, he doesn’t think he’ll last.

“Tell me who you belong to.

“You— *You*—“

“Yeah, you belong to me?”

“Yes— Yes, *nobody else*, I—“

George is *sobbing*, crying from how worked up he is, his cock *aching* under his palm, and the tears pool in the corners of his eyes as he moans, falling relentlessly.

“You gonna cum for me soon, baby?”

God, he is.

The combination of it all, Dream’s voice, the demands, the lace, being watched, god, it’s so fucking good.

“I want you to cum inside of your underwear. Ruin those cute, little panties you’ve got on. You wanna do that for me?”

Why is that so fucking hot?

George is so close, and he manages a shaky nod, indicating that he’s willing to obey, and Dream keeps talking, rambling, his voice shaking as he tries to keep it level while he strokes himself faster, losing control.

“I’d *love* to fuck you like that, you know?” He gasps out, and George thinks he might cum just thinking about that, thinking about Dream buried inside of him, whispering dirty things to him, “Love to see what you’d look like — on your hands and knees, with that skirt pulled up over your hips, would you like that? Would you wanna be all dressed up for me while I’m fucking you?”

George can’t even speak.

“I fucking *bet* you would,” Dream continues, “You’d be even *prettier* wrapped around my cock. I’d make you scream so *good*, Georgie. Make you *beg for me* so nice. Do you want me to fuck you, baby?”

George is *so fucking close*, *god*, nodding and babbling nonsense, the lace of his panties soaked with how much his cock *drools* at the thought of Dream fucking him, taking control of him, using him.

“I wanna make you cum all over yourself, one day. See you all covered in it and *filthy*. *God*— you’d look *so good* covered in my cum, but I don’t think I could resist filling you up. Would you let me cum inside you, baby?”

George gasps, his back arching hard as his vision fades out, a wordless *yes* scraping from his throat.

“Oh god, *that’s it*, baby. Cum for me, Georgie, *you’re so fucking good for me*.”

He does.

His cock pulses and he cums, cums inside the pretty lace underwear, whining Dream’s name, begging and pleading, and he hears Dream call back, groaning low and swearing, as he finishes to the sight of George.

George spills all over himself, staining the fabric, leaving it, and himself, sticky as his toes curl and his head falls backward.

They breathe heavily together, panting as they come down from the orgasm high.

“Fuck,” George sighs eventually, a quiet chuckle following his curse, “I really liked these underwear.”

They share breathless laughter, and George can hear the lazy smile when Dream says—

“I’ll buy you more.”

Chapter End Notes

u hear a noise n look up after reading this fic
it’s me in the corner of ur bedroom
I’m holding something in my monstrous little hands
“put the fucking skirt on” i say

u are Georgenotfound

songs that kinda fit the vibe (besides the 4 in the last chapter)!!:
marina & the diamonds - primadonna
poppy - all the things she said
absofacto - dissolve
the veronicas - untouched

BONUS: on YouTube under the radio show triple j’s account, there is a video titled
“Polish Club cover Doja Cat ‘Say So’ for Like A Version” and it SMACKS SO
HARD I LOVE THIS COVER SO MUCH IT HAS A MORE ROCK KINDA VIBE
and this song has gigantic confident brat energy u r welcome

(and honestly the entirety of the Electra Heart album is bratty sub vibes)

ps: i’m still genofeve over at tumblr!!! come cyberbully me!!!
pps: i adore u all very much sorry for this SKDKDK

End Notes

head empty
george in skirt only

honestly George would look fucking bomb in a skirt and you all know it, the most
unrealistic part of this chapter was his ass being able to fit perfectly in one-size panties let’s
be real

i'm genofeve over on tumblr! shame me there!!!! i'll probably enjoy it!!! sorry!!!!

songs that i think kinda fit the vibe of this fic:

the neighbourhood - cry baby
(title track!!) mallrat - nobody's home
poloshirt - pinned upon
marcy's playground - sex and candy

ps: Steph if u read this u r an angel <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!